Happenings in the Cities

Champion Rifle Shot Lets Holdup Man Rob Him

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.—What would you do if you were the best rifle and revolver shot in the state and a holdup man grabbed your "roll" out of your hands?

Shoot him, of course.

Well, that's just what the champion shot of Indiana didn't do the only time he ever had occasion to rely on his marksmanship to save his property.

John E. Hafner, who won the state championship in the second annual tournament of the Indiana State Rifle association in the Indianapolis battalion armory, for several years has been one of the best shots in the country. When he won the state championship the other day, he scored 162 consecutive bull's eyes—a record for Indiana—and the secretary of the state association believes it is a national record. Hafner has numerous medals to show for his skill with the rifle and the revolver. But he never has shot at a human target.

When he was robbed in his place of business a few years ago, it wasn't because he had lost his skill or his nerve, but it was because he obeyed his mother. Hafner was in business on Washington street near Rural street when he was the victim of a "holdup." A customer in Hafner's poolroom gave him a $10 bill in paying for his games, and Hafner took a wallet, containing $175, out of his pocket to get two fives. Two strangers were standing near by and the larger one grabbed the wallet.

At that moment Hafner's mother and one of his employes stepped in at the back door and as Hafner tried to detain the robbers the employe ran into a back room and got Hafner's revolver. He gave Hafner the revolver just as the robbers went out of the door, with Hafner in pursuit. As Hafner leveled the pistol his mother cried "John!" Hafner says he has heard that cry before, and he never in his life disobeyed his mother, so when she told him not to shoot he lowered the pistol and watched the robbers run away with his $175.

"I am not sorry I obeyed my mother," said Hafner when the incident was recalled. "The loss of a few dollars is nothing when compared with the life of a man, even a robber. I did not take up rifle and revolver shooting because of any desire to shed the blood of man or beast. Shooting with me is what billiards, tennis and other sports are to the men that follow those pastimes. It requires a cool head, a clear eye and a steady hand to became an expert marksman, and of course, that means the marksman must be careful in his habits of living. I believe rifle practice is a great thing for schoolboys, not to develop the warlike instinct in them, but an interesting method of training the eye and the hand."

Mocking Smile of a Girl "Decoy" Is Fatal Lure

LOS ANGELES, Cal.—A winsome lass, flashing a smile as sunnily sweet as a day in June, has brought about the downfall of dozens of auto speeders on the Venice road, the "speed mania" road of Los Angeles county. She has caused their hearts to flutter so that their digestions are upset and their mental poise seriously disturbed, and incidentally has touched their pocketbooks to the end that the county treasury bulges with their dollars paid out in fines.

On the rear seat of a motorcycle, with a sturdy county motorcycle "cop" steering, the young woman, claim the autoists, has been the pretty decoy that has led them into opening the mufflers of their engines and cutting down the road at a pace that soon landed them in trouble.

Of course, the motorists do not for a moment think that the pretty young woman on the motorcycle is either the wife or sweetheart of one of their hereditary foes. Far from it. When the motorcycle puffs saucily behind an autoist and starts to pass, with the girl on the rear seat showing a row of pearls in a derisive smile, his pride is touched.

No man with an auto that can cough along at a speed of more than twenty-five miles an hour wants to see his machine passed. Furthermore, he has a sort of brainstorm caused by the tantalizing smile of the pretty young woman, and so he is led to his undoing.

So far, it is estimated, about 100 autoists have fallen into the nicely-baited trap. The motorcycle policemen deny that they are carrying their girls or sweethearts along as "motor bait." Of course, they can't help it if their feminine companions stir the autoist to speeding.

H. Drew of the district attorney's office, who has charge of the eight motorcycle policemen who hunt speeders for the county, said the other day that if the motorcycle policemen carried fascinating young women on the tandem seats of their machines, they were using the feminine decoys on their own initiative. He said that the women never appear in court against the speeders, but said there was nothing strange in this, as out of the 1,200 speeding cases he has handled since March 28 of this year, there have been only two contested cases. All the other victims promptly pleaded guilty and were punished.

Jersey Lad Prayed at Night and Robbed by Day

PATERSON, N. J.—Kneeling every night to repeat the Lord's Prayer, as it was "drummed" into him by his father, and committing burglary during the day, sixteen-year-old Albert Vreeland has discovered that he has been placed in the front rank of dual personalities. He pleaded guilty in court to seven of a wholesale list of robberies charged against him, and was sent to jail for a term not to be less than 9 or exceed 63 years.

"The champion bad boy of New Jersey" is the title which young Vreeland earned, and every householder in this city who has been the victim of the young burglar and his band, believes he came by it honestly. Apparently he robbed for the pure love of the game, and when he entered a home he generally destroyed a great deal more than he took away with him. One other member of the gang has been captured, and he has confessed also.

Mrs. Vreeland, the boy's mother, blames the father for a considerable part of the lad's trouble. "My husband," she said, "who has been helpless for the last 11 years because of illness, was entirely too strict with the boy. He is a rigid church member, and I think that Herbert's mischief has been mostly due to his father's attitude toward him. I also think that bad girls had something to do with his mischief.

"He had won the hearts of several young girls, and gave one of them a diamond ring valued at $350. When I told him that the police knew that he had given the girl a ring of that value, he pulled his hair and said:

"'Great Scott! No wonder I got such a salty dose from the judge. I am going crazy when I do anything like that. I thought the ring was putty.'"

After being sentenced young Vreeland said to his folks: "Well, I'll be 79 when I get out, and the first thing I will do will be to kill two detectives."

The wanton recklessness that has characterized the movements of Herbert and his pals has fairly stunned the residents of Paterson and the various counties for miles around. Every day brings reports of daring, careless robberies said to have been perpetrated by the busy party of beardless youths, and in all these raids there stands out the nonchalance of the "champion bad boy."

Sings Her Favorite Ragtime Ditties at A. M.

CHICAGO.—It was 2 o'clock in the morning, yet the piano in the flat upstairs was still dispersing ragtime. "Come on along, come on along," it insisted, "to Alexander's Rag Time Band," for "everybody's doing it now."

The piano was not the only sleep-destroyer, a human voice was its accomplice—the voice of Mrs. Rose Kilhane, 2951 South Union avenue.

"Ye gods," soliloquized Mrs. Mary Lee, holding her hands to her ears, "how much longer will that music box stand it?"

"O Moving Man, don't take my baby grand," came the voice of the singer.

A fervent prayer escaped from the flat below, a prayer that the moving man would get busy right away. A score of residents in the block would gladly have paid the expenses of the trip when "I want to be, I want to be, I want to be down South in Dixie" floated through the open windows a few moments later.

The singer heard neither the prayers nor the imprecations, but told her audience in pajamas "Gee, but I like music with my meals."

"O Mr. Dreamman, please let me dream some more," was the next selection, followed by a ragtime lullaby.

"Hear her," almost sobbed Mrs. Lee, "Singing 'Sleep, Baby, Sleep,' and she won't let anybody else do it."

She hastened out, and searching the streets and alleys finally found a policeman and had him accompany her to the flat.

"Come, hero mine," sang the voice, and the policeman entered. There was no more singing that night, and next day Mrs. Kilhane had a hearing before Municipal Judge Beitler at the South Clark street station. The judge fined her $10 and costs.

That's why the nights are so quiet now in the vicinity of 2951 South Union avenue.

The Pretty Girl Who Put Pittsburgh on the Society Map

She Is Miss Esther Moreland, a Millionaire's Daughter, Success of the Budding Season, Hailed as the New Beauty; Now She Is in the Glare of Newport's Limelight.

PITTSBURGH—naughty, grimy, millionairey Pittsburgh—has been put on the social map!

Newport is won at last. Pittsburgh comes now into the class with New York, Philadelphia, Boston and Providence as being one of the citites which has a foothold—the real kind, of course—at the superbly fashionable, climber-despising summer city by the sea.

No steel baron has won these exalted heights. No ambitious dowager with a plethora of Paris gowns and more plethoric purse has achieved this social summum bonum. It isn't a story of millions or push—or pull—this conquering of almost impregnable Newport, where so many have attacked the social ramparts only to fall without the breastworks. The heart burnings and disappointments of the rich and socially regnant—at home—who have failed at Newport would be a long, sad story.

And now a mere slip of a girl has done it. And done it in the veriest twinkling of an eye! She is still in her teens, this fetching Miss Esther Moreland of Pittsburgh, Pa.; but for all that, she has made that smoky and much-maligned city of her birth of some importance in Newport's very constricted social world.

To think of it! The girl has chosen Newport for her social debut, and she is a signal success even before she is "out!"

Victory Won by Beauty.

In a word, merely by the charm of her beauty has fetching Miss Moreland won over Newport's heart. She is the envy of the boudoir; the central figure at the Casino; the vision of the Bellevue avenue drive and the belles of the ballroom. Never at Newport before, she is bidden everywhere. Unless the unexpected happens, the girl is certain to be the season's success.

The A. M. Moreland family is among the best known in Pittsburgh. Mr. Moreland is several times a millionaire and belongs to the best clubs in his home city. Naturally the Morelands move in what is the best society in Pittsburgh. But "best society" in Pittsburgh is one thing; best society in Newport is quite another. The first may be achieved by almost any one with much money, some tact and a little brains. It takes much of all three at Newport and then a lot more. Yachts, autos, a wonderful villa, rare vintages, perfectly appointed dances and dinners, impeccable clothes, an inexhaustible bank account—all will help some—but there is something else, hard to describe. If you are dull and stupid, it is "Good night!" at Newport, no matter how rich you are; if you are too clever, the same thing is apt to eventuate, for social Newport doesn't like to be outshone.

Dictum of Mrs. Stevens.

As the late Mrs. Parran Stevens, long a leader at Newport, used to say, "Some succeed here by the same means with which others fail."

Bag and baggage, the Morelands arrived at Newport several weeks ago. There were Mr. and Mrs. Moreland, the two daughters, Miss Esther and Miss Mary; a young boy of about sixteen and a retinue of servants. As their automobiles hadn't yet arrived, Mr. Moreland perforce bundled his family and servants into several hired rigs impressed at the boat landing.

"Stoneacre," he ordered of the cabbies, staying behind himself. "I've never been able to ride behind a horse," he explained further, "and it's too late to begin now. Can't you get me a machine?"

An auto was found for Mr. Moreland, and he was whisked out to his new villa—his home for the season—at the corner of Bellevue and Victoria avenues, a stone's throw from Marble house, the beautiful mansion of Mrs. O. H. P. Belmont, and just down the street from the Goelet and Astor estates.

Has Beautiful Residence.

The villa, formerly occupied by the E. R. Thomases of New York, is a splendid, big house, set within velvety lawns and almost hidden by stately trees. It takes up half of one of Newport's big blocks. Once Stoneacre was the property of John W. Ellis, a summer pioneer. Its rental for the season is close around the $15,000 mark.

Miss Esther appeared at the Casino the very next morning with her younger sister, Miss Mary. She knew some of the smart young men and women there that day, and she met others. But there were plenty who didn't know her, and wanted to learn something about this handsome young debutante whom everybody had noticed the moment she appeared.

"Who is she?" ran the rounds, and it wasn't long before the question was answered.

Those who had been there the season before, when Colonel Astor brought his fetching young fiance, Miss Madeline Force, to the Casino to meet his friends, likened the crowd around Miss Moreland as she chatted merrily with her new acquaintances to the one which was so anxious to see what sort of a girl Colonel Astor had chosen for his wife.

In Absolute Perfection.

There wasn't a thing that could be criticised about the newcomer, and at a place where everybody wants only half a chance to do so. She was irreproachably dressed in an exquisitely simple frock of white yachting flannel and a wide-brimmed Panama hat tricked out with gray ribbon.

Those who looked more closely noted that her complexion was delicately perfect, that her eyes were big and black; that her features were classically regular, and that her mouth, both as she laughed or in her serious moods, was delicately molded.

"She's the best looking girl we've had here this season," was the comment of more than one woman of fashion, and even more would have admitted it had they spoken what was most in their minds. And as for the men, they showed by their actions

Miss Esther Moreland.

more than by their words, that they had taken account of the pretty girl from Pittsburg and had not found her wanting in anything to make her the reigning belle.

Next day Miss Moreland's first appearance was down on narrow, tortuous Thames street, where most of the shops are. She was in a smart red runabout with her sister. Again the Pittsburg belle was as big and smart as a Paris model as she piloted her machine deftly through the throng of autos and victorias with all the aplomb of a professional chauffeur. This time Miss Moreland was in blue serge and a flaring flat hat.

Approval Stamped at Once.

That day at the Casino the newcomer was the center of the liveliest little group on the lawns—it was plain to see that she was "the go." In a week she had met all the desirable young men then in Newport. At the same time Mrs. Moreland was renewing old acquaintances made in New York and abroad, and receiving invitations to some of the smartest affairs of the early season.

Clothes is one of Newport's absorbing topics. Miss Moreland's came in for their share of attention. First it was discovered that she hadn't worn the same frock twice since she had been in Newport—that is, apart from her attire for tennis and golf, and if these she sported a big assortment. Some folks even began to say that she had brought so many gowns to Newport that she need never wear the same one twice all season long. But this was going a little too far. Sufficient to say that there is no young woman's wardrobe in Newport this summer more varied than that of Miss Moreland of Pittsburg.

Those who would like to criticise, if for nothing else than pure envy, have found that the pretty girl's taste is faultless. Everything she wears seems meant exactly for her. It is plain to see with half a lorgnette that the Pittsburgh beauty knows just how to wear clothes.

Miss Moreland's hats are equally smart and appropriate. Aside from her athletic headgear, she seems to have a new creation topping her head every time she steps out of the house.

But clothes are merely a detail in the life of Newport's newest reigning belle. Tall and lithely built, she is an adept at more than one form of outdoor sport. She plays tennis with dash and skill and she rides a horse with grace and daring. She swims well enough to make Miss Constance Warren and Miss Eleonora Sears look to their laurels later in the season. She paddles a canoe smartly and she golfs as well as many of the men. So the Pittsburgh beauty is bound to be popular with the youths who like girls when they lead the outdoor life.

The Season's Success.

"She's the success of the season!" say many who have met her, and if such predictions are worth anything, Miss Moreland's star will soon be in the zenith.

The Fourth of July festivities found her the life of the day. The Morelands entertained a large party for the week-end, and at the Casino their daughter appeared in some of the daintiest dresses that Paris can fashion. Miss Moreland was everywhere, but perhaps she was more stunning than ever when she ran down the beach in her silken bathing suit to take her first plunge of the season in the waves which roll exclusively on Bailey's beach, where fashion disports itself.

"She'll do!" was the verdict of even the hypercritical, as they snap-shotted her with their ever-ready lorgnettes.—New York World.

CITY LIFE HARD ON NERVES

Noise and General Disorder Is Bound to Affect Them More or Less Disastrously.

Almost every little or great ailment throughout your system affects your nerves. Your eyes and liver and lungs and stomach and heart and many other things throughout your system all "take it out" on the poor nerves if they happen to be a bit out of order themselves.

Recent discoveries show that 90 per cent of nervous troubles are due to other disorders. Eye-strain is one cause. Not only those who have to use their eyes constantly, like students and lapidaries and miniature artists and engravers, but city folks who live and work where their vision is restricted are all sufferers from nervous troubles, more or less.

The eye wants to get exercise as well as the muscles. Living in narrow streets and gazing out across little alleys against brick walls, rushing into narrow cars and hurrying into small rooms all keep the vision down to narrow limits, and pretty soon eye-strain sets in, and this brings on nervous trouble.

And one of the peculiarities of this is that many people will not notice that they have eye-strain because the nervous disorder that results will be so much worse than the cause. Eye-strain is much less common in the country.

Working in the stooped position, curving the spine, brings pressure on the tiny blood vessels and this in turn acts on the nerves. "I get so nervous sitting still," one will say. As a matter of fact the continual pressure on the spine reacts on the nerves. As sedentary occupations are more common in the cities there is more nervousness from this cause in cities.

Liver troubles bring on quick nervous disorders, city noises in time affect the ears and the nerves are again in for a siege of trouble. Not even at night or during sleep is there complete quiet in the city. Women become irritable because of excessive blood pressure, and again it is their nerves that suffer—also every one else about them is apt to suffer.—New York American.

Choir on a Strike.

The Handel festival now in progress recalls an unusual—probably unique—incident which occurred a few years ago when the whole choir went on strike owing to the Crystal Palace company failing to provide the singers with separate refreshment rooms and other accommodation.

An ultimatum was dispatched on the first day of the festival and on the singers' demands not being acceded to the whole of the choir refused to utter a note when Sir Michael Costa took up his baton. This unrehearsed incident lasted for some little time, when the Crystal Palace manager sent word to Sir Michael to request him to announce to the singers that the desired accommodation would be provided immediately. The festival then proceeded in due harmony and there was an end to what is probably the shortest strike on record.—London Opinion.

Noises for "Movies."

The assembling together in one apparatus of the many mechanisms required to produce realistic imitations of all the sounds used in giving "life" to motion pictures has been accomplished. The sounds it can reproduce include the cries of a baby, the screech of projectiles fired from cannon, the warbling of a bird, the ring of the anvil, the rustling of leaves, the crashing of falling masses of metal or wood, the engine noises of automobiles and motorcycles, the patter of rain, the rumbling of trains, the sound of waves, wind, hail, the puff of a railway locomotive, the breaking of crockery, the tolling of bells, the clang of fire bells, the clatter of horses' hoofs, the bark of a dog, the hissing and spitting of cats, the tinkle of sleigh bells, the "honk" of automobile horns, quick-firing guns in action, the clash of dueling swords and the rattle of fetters.

The claim is made that despite its many functions, it is very simple to handle.—Popular Mechanics.

Lucky.

"This is the third time you have been here for food," said the woman at the kitchen door, to the tramp. "Are you always out of work?" "Yes'm," replied the itinerant. "I guess I was born under a lucky star."—Yonkers Statesman.

Make Artificial Wood.

Wood is so scarce in England that a process has been invented for producing it artificially. Straw, sawdust and grass are compressed to make it.

Passing of the Lumberjack

LOGS IN NORTHERN MICHIGAN

EVERY frontier region has its peculiar characters. On the plains the cowboys; in the mining regions, the miners; and in the timber regions, the lumber jack. While the work of the lumber jack is not so spectacular as the "round up" and "broncho busting" of the cowboy, he is an interesting and picturesque character who is rapidly disappearing with the vanishing of our forests. In the time of his glory he is the fellow well met who has labored all winter in a lumber camp, saved a few hundred dollars, gone to the city in the spring and perhaps in less than 48 hours after landing is minus his roll of bills and has nothing to show for it except a headache and a very indistinct recollection how he came by that. With the lumber jack will go the lumber camp, the camp "cook," the "flunkey," the "boss" and other worthies.

From Michigan to the Pacific coast are found the lumber camps, employing at seasons of the year thousands of men. These lumber camps, small communities in themselves, have their unwritten laws and regulations, differing more or less in the several states.

A few years ago the writer with a crew of men was sent out early one fall to a lumber camp to cut basswood for a bedding firm. The cook with a few of the lumber jacks had remained in camp during the summer to load logs, but all the formal customs of the camp were preserved. We looked upon this excursion into the woods for the purpose of cutting wood as a sort of late summer vacation, and were accordingly in high spirits. When the horn blew for the first meal we rushed boisterously into the cook's shanty and seating ourselves at the table began to talk and joke. The lumber jacks looked at us with a sort of awe and then glanced at the cook.

Cook's Commands Obeyed.

"No talking at the table," the cook fiercely called out as he glared upon us. This command, so sudden and unusual, was strictly obeyed during the meal. At first we took it to be a rebuke for our noisy way of entering the cook shanty, but after the meal was over we were informed that talking at the table was a serious breach of the regulations and that we had better abide by the rule.

The privileged character in camp is the cook. Within his domain his authority is supreme. The saying that the way to reach a man's heart is through his stomach holds good in the lumber camp, and a cook can make or mar the efficiency of a crew of men by the quality of his cooking.

In Wisconsin and certain parts of Minnesota the lumber jacks enter the "cook shanty" at meal times with a sort of reverence. Next to the "boss' shanty," it is the holy of holies. When the door is reached all conversation ceases and the men silently file in and take their places. The head of the table is always reserved for the boss. Not a word is spoken at meal time, except when victuals are asked for. Meal time, instead of being a social hour as it is in society, is with the lumber jacks a time of silence, if not of meditation. The origin of this rule has been variously explained. The most plausible explanation is that the lumber jacks might inadvertently drop some remark reflecting upon the cooking, and thus insult the dignity of the cook.

In Washington, at least in some of the camps, no such rule exists. At meal time the men indulge in all kinds of railleries, not even excepting the cook.

Where They Sleep.

In all camps the meal hours are announced by blowing a horn, or, more generally, by striking a large triangle made especially for this purpose. At the signal the camp swarms with men rushing from the bunk houses to the cook shanty.

The lumber jacks sleep in bunk houses. During the evening they sit along their bunks smoking and conversing. Sometimes a boxing or wrestling match is arranged. By nine o'clock all lights are out and the man who has the temerity to keep his light burning after that hour will be lucky if some boots or socks do not find their way in his direction.

The bunk houses are sometimes models of cleanliness, but the lumber jack is like average humanity and if no external influence is brought to bear upon him he does not make much of an effort to keep himself clean. Unless the management makes rules or the flunkey carefully attends to his duties in keeping things clean, the bunk houses are apt to become filthy.

Sunday is wash day, and if a stream or river is at hand the lumber jacks can be seen lined up along the bank "boiling up." In this operation they violate the rules of the house wife when she does her laundry. Instead of rubbing the clothes and trying to free them from dirt first they boil them at once. The result is that though the clothes may be clean, they certainly do not look it. Boiling the clothes has at least one good effect. It annihilates any vermin that may be in them.

When spring comes and the snow disappears the camp breaks up. Woe to the town that in the early days was located near a lumber camp. The lumber jacks released from all restraint, swooped down upon the town and it was a wild time for a while. With the advent of civilization and law and order these raids of the lumber jack have become a thing of the past. Time has had its mollifying influence upon the lumber jack, seasoning him and making him more law abiding, but he is still to a great extent the free, shiftless being who, when he comes to the city, is the victim of the saloon keeper and the crook.

Sea Currents and Migrations.

Reports received by the French government from its consular officers in Hawaii throw light, it is thought, on certain problems of ethnography. Not very long ago a little schooner, dismantled and with its rudder gone as the result of a tempest, was drifted by winds and ocean currents from Tahiti to Hawaii after 81 days. Hawaiian traditions declare that in ancient days people came from Tahiti, drifting with the currents, and settled the islands. The adventure of the dismantled schooner seems to prove the possibility of such a migration, and it is suggested that the currents of the Pacific, which have not yet been sufficiently studied, may throw much light on the distribution of the native races among the island groups.—Harper's Weekly.

Ended.

"How long did your honeymoon last?"

"Until the first day I asked George for money, I think."—Detroit Free Press.

TRACED TO RACING STABLES

Slang Phrase, "Getting His Goat," So Popular Now, Had Origin in Actual Occurrence.

Unlike many other vivid or picturesque slang expressions, which enrich and enliven the English language, but the source of which is either obscure or totally unknown, the origin of the phrase, "to get his goat," can fortunately be traced. Until it came into popular use, about half a dozen years ago, the phrase was confined to racing stables and to running horses and was part of the language of the racetrack.

It was formerly the rather widespread custom among owners of racing stock to keep a goat in the same stall with a horse, either from the superstitious belief in mascots or from the more scientific belief that the goat imparted some of his strength or magnetism to the horse. Ardent friendships have been known to spring up between goats and horses living thus in close intimacy and sleeping together.

When a horse that had the companionship of a goat chanced to win the jockeys would attribute his success to the influence of the goat, and it happened more than once that a stable boy would "get the goat" of the winning horse by entering the stable surreptitiously at night and taking the animal to the stall of his own favorite. If the horse that was deprived of his goat friend should lose the next day and the other horse should win, that would, of course, strengthen the belief in the efficacy of the goat.

The practice of relying on goats to help a horse win a race is said to be dying out, but it has left behind one of the most expressive phrases, which seems destined ultimately to become as respectable as any English idiom.

Matter of Supply.

The witness testified that he had been knocked down by a motor-car and that the chauffeur, who was joy riding, had given no warning of his approach. "Do you mean," asked the judge, "that he didn't have a horn?" "No, your honor," replied the witness. "I think he'd had too many."